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however, from the looseness which those who, unable to do better, are desirous of explaining as the result of taste and genius. Under him the needle and the burin have acquired the suavity and breadth of the pencil. In his masterly career, the artist is always seen inspired by a natural sentiment, that shows him to be one who knows profoundly the secrets and resources of his profession. Girard Audran was employed by Louis XIV. to engrave the series of the battles of Alexander; this work spread his reputation, and at the same time that of Le Brun, over all Europe. Among other celebrated works of this master are, the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, after Le Sueur; Time raising Truth; the Adulterous Woman; Pyrrhus; Coriolanus; and the Baptism of the Pharisees, from Poussin; the ceiling of the Val-de-grace, after Mignard; the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, after Domenichino; which, with many other well-known productions, are proofs of the sublimity of his genius.

AUDRAN (CLAUDE). A painter, and nephew of Girard, born at Lyons in 1685, and died in 1734, aged 49. The particular branch of art for which this master was celebrated, was designing and painting ornaments. He held the appointment of king's painter.

AUDUBON (J. W.) This distinguished artist and naturalist was born of French parents in the state of Louisiana, about the year 1775. In his earliest youth a book of illustrations given to him by his father aroused a strong desire of copying nature. In his 16th year he went to France to pursue his education, and became a pupil of the celebrated David. The copying of ancient statues did not please him, and he returned home and commenced a collection of designs destined shortly to swell into that magnificent series *The Birds of America*. In 1824 Lucien Bonaparte suggested to him the idea of collecting and making public the treasures which had been amassed through his long years of study and observation. For the purpose of carrying this advice into execution he visited Europe, and at Edinburgh, in 1831, published his first volume of Ornithological Biography. This work expanded into five large books with illustrations of the size of life. He had 175 subscribers to this work at \$1000 each. In 1842 he began a collection of the quadrupeds of America upon a similar plan. His delineations of animal nature are remarkable for their extraordinary fidelity and air of life. Mr. Audubon died at his seat called Minniesland on the Hudson River, on the 27th of January, 1850.

AUDUBON (V. G.) Son of the preceding—a painter of animals and landscapes. Like his father, he is distinguished for his fidelity to nature in his designs. He was elected an Academician of the National Academy of Design in 1846.

AUERPACH. A Viennese portrait-painter, of some distinction of the last generation.

AUGUR (H.) An American sculptor, born at New-Haven in 1791. He was the son of a carpenter, and was himself apprenticed to a grocer. At the expiration of his term he became a merchant, and was unfortunate in business. He then undertook the employment of a carver in wood, and succeeded so well, that he copied the head of the Apollo in marble. He afterwards made a figure of *Sappho*, which was exhibited in Boston in 1827; and then the group of *Jephtha and his daughter*. All these works he cut directly from the block, without the necessary preliminary of making a model. We have seen no record of any production of his since the *Jephtha*.

AUMONT (LOUIS). A Danish portrait-painter, who was born at Copenhagen in 1805. He was living in Hamburg in 1841.

AU PREMIER COUP. (Fr.) ALLA PRIMA. (Ital.) PRIMA PAINTING. This method of oil-painting has been revived to a considerable extent during the few past years, and, in the hands of painters possessing true genius for their Art, with remarkable success. Among the

French painters who have taught and practised this method with singular ability, we may specially instance Couture, whose magnificent picture of the *Decadence of the Roman Empire*, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, may be justly pronounced one of the noblest productions of modern Art. PRIMA PAINTING, or painting *au premier coup*, as its name implies, consists in painting in at once, at one touch, contrary to the practice usually recommended of "dead coloring," "first stage," "second stage," "finishing," &c. "Whoever wishes to learn Prima Painting must form a strong resolution never to try to finish his work by over painting." The practice of Prima Painting is fully detailed in a work recently published, which is worthy the most attentive and repeated perusal of the artist. Prima-painting is based upon a thorough knowledge of the relative qualities and properties of colors, and of the peculiar effects of under and over painting with *opposite* colors.

AUREOLA (GLORY, NIMBUS). From a very early period in the history of Christian Art, it has been customary to depict that "halo of light and glory," that luminous nebula supposed to emanate from and surround divine persons. When it is limited to the head only, it is termed NIMBUS; when it envelopes the whole body, it is the AUREOLA. The Nimbus is of Pagan origin, and was with much opposition admitted into Christian Art. It was probably derived from the Romans, who ornamented the statues of their divinities and emperors with radiated crowns. The colossal statue of Nero wore a circle of rays, imitating the glory of the sun; and similar insignia are seen on medals, round the heads on the coins of the consuls of the later empire. This custom was discontinued in the middle ages, and after the eleventh century, the Nimbus was exclusively employed to distinguish sacred personages, as the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, Angels, Apostles, Saints, and Martyrs. NIMBI are properly depicted of gold; but sometimes in stained windows they appear of various colors. They are of various forms, the most frequent is that of a circular halo, within which are various enrichments, distinctive of the persons represented. From the fifth to the twelfth centuries, the Nimbus assumed the form of a disk or plate over the head. Thence to the fifteenth century it appears as a broad golden band behind the head, composed of concentric circles, frequently enriched with precious stones. From the fifteenth century it became a bright fillet over the head (and this is the mode of representation most frequently adopted in the present day); in the seventeenth century it disappeared altogether, to be revived again in the nineteenth.

AUSTRIA (DON JUAN OF). The son of Philip IV., and brother of Charles II. of Spain, was a painter, and the Pupil of Eugene de las Cuevas.

AUZON (Madame). Born in Paris in 1775, a distinguished paintress of familiar subjects and portraits. She was instructed by Regnault, and several of her pictures have been engraved.

AVELINE (ANTHONY). A French designer and engraver, born in Paris in 1662.

AVELINE (PETER). A French designer and engraver, born in Paris in 1710.

AVERASA (GIOVANNI BATISTA). A painter, born at Bergamo about 1508. He formed his style of coloring from the works of Titian. He painted landscapes and architecture, and was greatly celebrated in his day for his observance and skilful representation of nature, not only in the scenery, but in the figures and animals with which he ornamented his subjects.

AVRIL (JEAN JACQUES). A modern French engraver, born in 1744, and died in 1832. He was a scholar of J. G. Wille. We have by him about 540 pieces, some of large dimensions.

AXTMANN (LEOPOLD). A clever animal-painter, born in Moravia in 1700. He died in Prague in 1748. He excelled in dogs and horses.

AZEGLIO (THE MARQUIS OF). A native of Piedmont, who painted excellent landscapes in Milan in 1839.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BULLETIN.

• LONDON, 15 August, 1851.

To the Editor of the Art Union Bulletin.

SIR,—If other exhibitions have been unable to compete with the great display in Hyde Park, this has not been the case with the two Italian Operas and the Royal Academy. The theatre which ruined poor Dockfield is making the fortune of its present manager, whilst the influx of shillings into the academy has been so great that they have not been able to find heart to close it at the usual time, but have kept open its doors, much to the delight of the public and the disgust of those exhibitors who having sold pictures from its walls are anxious that these pass into the hands of their possessors and that the equivalent in coin be transferred to the sellers' pockets. It is to be observed, however, that the urbane fraternization of this wonderful year has penetrated the hearts of the academy officials. I believe that until this memorable period it has never been the custom to express regret that want of room has prevented the accepted pictures from being hung, yet this year this pleasant polite little episode of regret has calmed the vexation and oiled the ruffled feelings of many a wight who would have otherwise been full of disgust at receiving back his picture. Happy fellow! how enviable his lot in comparison with him who, thinking himself deserving of a conspicuous position, finds his production in disagreeable propinquity to the cornice.

To render complete this remarkable politeness—tickets have just been issued to exhibitors inviting them to a conversazione at the academy exhibition rooms next week. Whether this is to be regarded as exceptional to the year, or is but the prelude of an annual gathering, I have not heard, but let us hope that it may go off so successfully as to induce the continuance of an experiment which will, once a year at least, bring the mighty into immediate contact with the meek.

In one of my former letters I was led into some remarks upon the fallacies of judgment, upon that difficulty of judging with justice, which results from our special idiosyncrasy, education, and consequent habits of thought and observation.

I have lately had to consider the judgment passed upon Turner by two men, artists, ardent lovers of their vocation, and forming their opinions with a desire of impartiality, and it would indeed seem that whilst to some he always speaks as an oracle or a God, to others he is a myth and mystery not worth exploring. My own opinion is so settled in regard to the wonderful excellence of some of the works which neither of these gentlemen can understand as anything more than unmeaning explosions of paint, that, giving them credit as I do for more than ordinary intelligence, I am lost in wonder at the extraordinary opacity of their vision, influenced as it is by the cast of their peculiar study, or driven to marvel and to question whether that which I regard as perspicacity, which I am sensible of as affording me delight, may not be akin to the mania which makes many sensible ugly people look to the mirror for a gratification of the eye, and makes many a mamma to regard her little stupid plain progeny as miracles of intelligence and cherubs of beauty.

It is only after getting the open sesame to many private galleries here, and hearing of so many others to be explored, that one becomes sensible of the immense wealth of this country in treasures of art—in fact, they obey the law of attraction which carries paintings to the best market; by-and-by I expect that the tide will set westward across the Atlantic; but in the mean time it would be well if those who can afford this gratification of their taste were to cherish a little more kindly the Art of their country, and believe that, in spite of the declaiming of picture dealers and copyists, good paintings are not to be purchased for a few dollars, and that copies seldom convey more than a meagre idea of the original. The pictures which are palmed upon American travellers in Italy by the art-condottieri who infest Florence, are, I am given to understand by one well capable of judging, quite a disgrace to the intelligence of the "smartest people" of the earth.

In connection with art let me say a word about Mr. Thackeray's lectures. Bred as an artist, he views his subject with a painter's eye, and picturesquely groups his illustrations and his facts. It must have been gratifying to the lecturer to see around him listening eagerly to his last discourse, in addition to many who were illustrious from position and title, others who were more illustrious from their works, Macaulay, Hallam, Carlisle, Leslie, Monkton Milnes, Tennyson, Milman, Miss Bronte, &c. &c.

You will have an opportunity before long of listening to these admirable discourses, and as nothing that I could say would embody so succinctly, and with so much just appreciation, the merits of these reviews of the lives and characters of famous men. I send you an extract from the last number of Fraser's.

"Take these lectures as a body of curious and eccentric commentaries upon the famous people to whose specialities they are dedicated, and setting the accuracy or justice of them aside, we know of nothing Mr. Thackeray has done, which develops his powers in so many unexpected lights, which shows so much sympathy with the graceful and poetical aspect of things, and so fine an appreciation of generous and serious truths, which he has not always been in a mood to treat so earnestly. There is nothing very profound in these lectures—all the gravities in them lie close at hand; but there is a less tendency in them than usual to turn foibles and failings to the account of the ridiculous, and a disposition to loosen the springs of pity and charity, for which Mr. Thackeray is entitled to high praise, and for which we have reason to be thankful. The great charm lay—if we may use the term—in the idiosyncrasy of the treatment. There was nothing new in substance; but it was all new in the turn of phrase, in the odd conjunctions of strong and striking points, in the whimsical felicity with which quaint trains of ideas were followed out, and in the little drops of tenderness which fell here and there, like tears, amongst the most grotesque passages. . . . While his low soft voice wandered amongst chords of feeling rarely touched in the lecture-room, we felt that his strength lay in another and a newer view of the subject, and that we could afford to dispense with critical acumen, and the literary traditions that are clustered round the memorable names he selected, and that have hitherto been considered indispensable to the elucidation of their lives and works, so long as he drew out the humanity of his humorists, and extracted the sweetness that lies buried, like honey, in dark places, in fretted tempers, uncouth habits, and unworldly natures. Your ob'dt, P.

NEWPORT, AUGUST, 1851.

NEWPORT, from the salubrity of its climate, its advantages for bathing, driving, boating, and fishing; its beautiful natural scenery, and the character of the persons who resort to it, may be considered the most delightful watering place in America. Besides these attractions, it has others which recommend it in particular to lovers of Art. It was the birth-place of our best artist in miniature, and for several years a residence of our two most distinguished painters of portraiture and history.

MALBONE was born in this old town. GILBERT STUART, who was born in North Kingston, passed all his early youth in it; and here at one time lived WASHINGTON ALLSTON, who was connected by family ties with some of its most worthy inhabitants. Two of the master-pieces of Allston and Malbone are still preserved here. The *Jeremiah*, by the former, in possession of his relative, Miss Gibbs, when we consider the elevation of the subject, the majesty of the conception, its vigor of form and power of color (particularly in the flesh-tints), may be regarded perhaps as the greatest production now extant of the American school. The *Dead Man restored by the Bones of the Prophet*, in Philadelphia, before it was injured by the fire that occurred several years since, and the *Belshazzar*, if it had ever been completed, might each have merited this place of honor. Both of these works are compositions of a greater number of figures than the Newport picture. The first of them has reminded connoisseurs in its general effect, and in its details, of some of the best canvasses of the Venetian masters. It deserves, indeed, to hang beside the *Lazarus* of Sebastian del Piombo, which it somewhat resembles in the treatment of the subject, without being liable in the least to the charge of plagiarism. But at present it is little else than a magnificent ruin; nor did it contain, even in its best days, any single figure that was to be compared in majesty to that of Jeremiah, or in expressive grace and beauty, to that of Baruch the Scribe. Miss Gibbs's picture remains unframed in an apartment of her house, which is only, I believe, its temporary resting-place. It was intended at one time to place it in a beautiful stone church, which she has caused to be built, after a design by UPJOHN, in the neighborhood of her mansion, and which already contains a mural monument by GREENOUGH. I am not informed whether this intention has been abandoned.

I saw several years since the other painting to which I have alluded—the *Hours*, by MALBONE. It is in possession of his sister, a resident of Newport. This work, although so highly and deservedly celebrated, was not, I believe, wholly original. It was suggested by a print, but so much modified under his hands that it deserves nearly as much consideration as an original production. It is a composition of three female figures, representing respectively the *Past*, the *Present*, and the *Future*, and suggesting the ideas of Memory, Content, and Hope. Beautiful as this painting is, it does not interest me so much as Malbone's miniature portraits. In this branch he was superior to all other American artists, and equal to any Europeans whose works I have seen. No painter has more happily rendered the delicacy and subtlety of that beauty which lies in the expression, and which is preserved by miniaturists less often now than for-

merly—partly, I presume, on account of the frequent use made of the Daguerreotype. Our memory of the expression of a friend's countenance is the result of numerous observations, made whilst that countenance was under the influence of many widely varying emotions. We should not, therefore, be surprised to find the reflection of one single look in the mirror of a photograph strange and unresemblant, and the miniature that is taken, entirely or partially from it, unsatisfactory. Wonderful indeed is it that a portrait should so often be successful, considering the Protean changes of the human face, and considering also that the work (supposing it to be a true work of Art) is not intended to represent our friend precisely as he looked at some particular hour, but to give that characteristic expression by which he might have been recognized at the age of twenty as well as at forty! Malbone seems to have possessed this power of analysis, and to have extracted from the features before him the characteristic element that individualized his sitter from the rest of the world. It is also to be remarked, that while others were as successful as he in presenting the well-defined contours, the striking contrasts, and the gorgeous coloring of the brunettes of the South, no other painter realized so fully the ethereal loveliness of our Northern blondes; those charms which seem to be not so much integral parts of their physical nature as communicated to them from above, and rather a transfiguration, an irradiation of heavenly light, than the result of physiological laws. Those who are so fortunate as to have memorials of their mothers and grandmothers from his hands, must feel their filial veneration quickened and renewed by these paintings, in which, while the individuality of the expression is retained, it is so limited and refined, so as to realize in some degree the mysterious declaration of Paul, that there is a "spiritual body" as well as a "natural body."

There are some things here suggestive and interesting to a student of architecture as well as painting. The *Old Mill*, with its support of round-headed arches and well-proportioned pillars of rough dark stone, is a picturesque object, which enthusiastic archæologists associate with the visits of the Northmen to these shores in the eleventh century, while more cool-headed, matter-of-fact inquirers suppose it to be the ruin of a wind-mill, or else a kind of fort built by the early settlers for protection against the savages. It stands in a vacant field containing more than an acre of land, which I understand may be purchased at a reasonable price. It is greatly to be desired that this venerable ruin should never be taken down or shut in by houses, and if this lot could be bought, and laid out as a public park, it would add materially to the comfort and elegance of the town. Would that we might find at Newport such delightful promenades as those which adorn foreign watering-places. While Nature has done every thing by providing upon the cliffs a magnificent terrace, commanding the most glorious views of the ocean, with occasional glimpses of beautiful rock scenery below, Art has not yet been called in to make the approaches to this spot even tolerable, much less to adorn it with plantations, or proper structures for repose and entertainment. How delightful would it be if a drive could be laid out along the whole extent

of the cliffs, and communicating with the beach! Such a proposition would be regarded with horror by the few who occupy cottages in that vicinity, and to whom certainly the present seclusion and want of cultivation are most agreeable; but I venture to say, its spirit will be carried out before twenty years are over, at the end of which time, Newport will be as famous as Brighton or Boulogne.

There are some well-designed residences here, among which the imposing villa built by UPHOLST for Mr. King, in the Italian style, is most conspicuous. I am sorry to see quite a number of Gothic cottages—a kind of building which, from its structure and associations, is ill-adapted to this country. Our climate requires that a spacious verandah should form an important part of our summer residences, and this does not “compose” well with the pointed style. Besides, the small irregular rooms and the heated attics, which that mode of building requires, are not favorable to comfort. The Italian, Anglo-Italian, and what has been called the “bracketed” manner, are all much more desirable. The Roman Catholics are building an expensive church of rough brown stone, in a style which, so far as I can judge, in its present state, is a mixture of the first and second pointed. It consists of a nave, with stone pillars, supporting a clerestory, a moderately deep chancel, two side aisles, and a tower on the north side. It is to have richly carved stone capitals to the columns, stained glass in the windows, a tiled floor, a decorated reredos, and a ceiling painted in polychrome. I could not learn whether there was to be a screen for the chancel, but I suppose not from its comparative shallowness. The architect is a young Irishman, a pupil of Mr. Pugin, and the whole work will be a better specimen of Gothic architecture than one usually meets in this country in the churches of the Roman Catholics, who seem to be far behind other sects in architectural taste.

It is curious to see how, even in this remote corner of the earth, where one might suppose it would be difficult to make the comparison, Greek Art asserts its supremacy, in all that addresses itself to the sense of beauty of form. There is a little low structure, erected many years ago, I believe, before the Revolution, for the *Redwood Library*, with a well proportioned pediment, supported by four Doric columns, and with wings on each side, continuing in their sky lines the inclination of the main roof, which, notwithstanding the disfigurements of rusticated work and windows, is the most agreeable architectural object in the place. There is a purity, a simplicity, a repose, in its appearance, that delights the eye, and I shall not leave Newport without looking at it again through its enclosure of thick foliage. I am not an admirer of the general adoption of the Greek style for modern buildings. I think it is particularly unsuitable to churches, banks, hotels, and gentlemen's residences. I loathe those miserable miniatures of the Parthenon in pine timber, which one sees so often in our country villages occupied as apothecaries' shops, or doctors' or lawyers' offices. The expression of purpose is so important in all architecture which is not entirely or chiefly monumental, and the law of association controls us so much in our enjoyment of it, that we cannot endure exteriors which belie what is behind them, or remind us of ideas widely re-

moved from those which occasioned their erection. We are shocked by no such incongruities when we see a Greek portico to a public library. Not only is the building of a monumental character as it were—that is, something erected in honor of Art and learning—but the classic form is also convenient for receiving and preserving literary treasures, and all the associations connected with it are those which are dearest to the literary man.

I have always been an admirer of the mediæval styles, and carried at one time my respect for precedent in this branch of Art to the extent of the most ardent ecclesiologists.

I find myself now, however, looking with more leniency upon what Mr. Pugin would denominate “Pagan” ideas. Notwithstanding the charm of association, which I willingly admit belongs to the mediæval styles, I cannot help feeling that there is a sort of “play-acting” of dishonest simulation in erecting buildings, so often unsuited to the purposes for which they are intended—interiors too long to permit the sermon to be heard by more than half the congregation—windows too narrow and unfrequent to admit the light and air which our climate requires—columns so large and so numerous that they conceal the pulpit from multitudes, and various other inconveniences which I have no room to mention.

It is difficult to criticize architecture according to strict æsthetic rules—to look only at combinations of forms and colors. I know how beautifully the mysterious doctrines and heavenly aspirations of the Christian faith are expressed by some peculiarities in the pointed style. I feel the force of that curious symbolism which has written the articles of Faith and the legends of the Church on the walls of ancient cathedrals, in so many alphabets of stone. I understand the power which the broken lights, and long vistas, and dark vaults, of these interiors, exercise in solemnizing the thoughts. But I cannot separate these structures from the times in which, and the hands by which, they were built. As they were natural products of those times and those hands, so do imitations of them now in this year of the world seem forced and unnatural. Fitness, after all, is essential to true beauty. The harmonious adjustment of means to ends outweighs in the long run the most cherished associations of history and romance. A rude church, built of logs upon the prairie, is a more pleasing object than a miniature cathedral in clap-boards. Turrets and lancet windows please us for a while, like the scenery of the theatres, but when their inutility becomes sensibly apparent, their beauty vanishes. People dress in broadcloth instead of chain-armor, and wield pens and yard-sticks in lieu of lances. The light and air of Heaven are needed in our dwellings and churches. We hear sermons instead of masses. Art should accommodate itself to life. It should be the expression of the Beautiful in the actual life of the nineteenth century,—not of the Beautiful in the life of ancient times. It should be the natural growth of the years in which it flourishes—the flower of a plant that has its root in the common soil beneath our feet, and not a withered exotic kept in a herbarium—its freshness and beauty gone, and its chief use to serve as an illustration of science or history.

H.

## THE CHRONICLE.

### AMERICAN ART AND ARTISTS.

THE LESSON TAUGHT TO AMERICANS BY THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The Great Fair will close on the 11th of the present month. The success of the Yacht America, of the Reaping Machine, and a few other contributions of great practical importance, make up for our failure in the display of objects of beauty and taste. We can now afford to inquire into the causes of this failure, and to see whether they should not be remedied in future. We have always wondered that there should have been any surprise among intelligent observers at the inferior character of specimens of American Art manufacture in the Crystal Palace. The most numerous and attractive articles there are those which derive their principal value from an inventive genius, in the application to them of form and color. Now this is a department in which we have made scarcely any progress at all. In contrivances which abridge labor and promote convenience—in the production of the necessities of life and of the most useful implements, we may successfully compete with any other nation. Two or three bales of cotton or hogsheads of tobacco, or barrels of corn, sufficiently represent annual crops worth hundreds of millions of dollars, and the models of the fastest clipper-ships, and the most curious labor-saving machines, take up but a little room, and make but a poor show beside porcelain and malachite. It is, as every body must see, mainly and almost entirely in their superiority in the Arts of Design that the nations of the Old World outshine the New. It is by the display of taste and artistic skill, the exquisite forms and colors they know how to give to articles of use or ornament, by the graceful patterns of the textile fabrics; the exquisite shapes of the pottery; the beautiful carvings of furniture; and the superb arrangements of jewelry and similar objects, that they have thrown our contributions into the shade. We by no means regret this comparison. It is best that our people should know the truth in all these matters. Because we build the fastest ships and produce the best cotton, it does not necessarily follow that our porcelain and silver-ware must be the most beautiful of any in the world. The fact is, in all these branches of industry where the gratification of the eye is chiefly addressed, we are mere imitators of European manufacturers. Our designs for furniture, calicoes, silverware, pottery, jewelry, and almost every thing else in which the beauty of design and color enters as a necessary element of value, are principally borrowed from European Artists. Every steamer brings over large quantities of new designs. The *London Art-Journal* has an immense subscription list in this country—chiefly among manufacturers. And continental publications devoted to the different branches of ornamental industry find a ready sale here. English, French, and German patterns are constantly displayed for our choice, and when we order a book-case or a tea-service, we have a foreign portfolio thrust into our hands, and are told to make our selections from its contents. So that although our furniture, and clothing, and ornaments and apparel are made by our fellow countrymen, the minds that invented the forms and arranged the colors are generally abroad. An